

SAVE THE SCHOOLS!

The Cregier Administration
Does Nothing to Stop
Gambling,

But Its Financial Manager
Wants to Cripple the
Schools.

Our Grand Public School System
Lacks Political Influ-
ence,

But the Blacklegs Have More Power at
the City Hall than the Board
of Aldermen.

From the Chicago Tribune of Monday, Jan. 13.
Controller Onahan's opposition to the public schools is notorious. Mr. Onahan's attack notoriously ignores the palpable abuses of the system—the special studies, the fads, the ornamental or would-be ornamental studies. There is no criticism of the teaching of foreign languages; of the gingerbread ornamentation of the public school buildings; of the dancing-halls which under a former Democratic administration were added to buildings at a cost of \$10,000 to \$15,000, while 14,000 children were excluded from the schools for lack of room.

All those things pass unnoticed. But two or three women, admirably equipped, highly educated, and thoroughly efficient, get \$3,000 each per annum. The cry of extravagance is immediately raised. Superintendent Howland, a graduate of one of the leading universities, a gentleman of culture, experience, and ability, who has made the Chicago public schools an example for the world, is paid \$5,000. He is attacked. He gets \$1,000 per annum less than the Controller, and \$2,000 less than the Mayor, and \$2,000 less than the weakest of the Judges, and makes \$4,000 less than the pettiest Justice of the Peace. The unlettered functionaries of the city administration are angered thereat, and they shout extravagance.

At the same time those same functionaries are developing a plan for the appointment of five Inspectors of Police at salaries of \$3,000 each, and the increase of the police force by the addition of 500 patrolmen. Schemes are in contemplation for the increase of the salaries of other officers and for the waste of the public money in other directions. The Democratic Aldermen propose to keep down the educational appropriation so as to increase the appropriation for the politicians.

Advantage is taken of the fact that Democratic pot-house politicians in the Town of Lake gave exorbitant salaries to small-potato politicians as principals of schools, as janitors and other functionaries to make complaint. "There are too many Superintendents," shout the Pecksniffs, and they add the Town of Lake Superintendents of district schools, who are paid fancy prices by their political sponsors, to the list. They take no note of the fact that those Superintendents are the creatures of a political accident. They charge the system with the abuse when the Democratic ringsters, their associates and co-workers, alone are responsible.

A member of the School Board talking on the subject yesterday said: "Why, we pay rather moderate salaries, in my judgment. We pay Mr. Howland \$5,000 per annum. We pay Prof. Burroughs, who used to be President of the Chicago University, and Prof. Delano, one of the ablest educational men in America, \$4,000 each. We pay three other Assistant Superintendents \$3,500 each. Two of the latter are women, and my idea always has been that they ought to be paid the same salary as Prof. Burroughs and Prof. Delano. They do as efficient work. The compensation is certainly not too much. They are exceptional in their line. If they devoted themselves to literary work they could make more."

"The principals of the larger grammar schools are paid \$2,200 each, and at this salary we cannot hold our best men. They do not think the salary sufficient. They want to be lawyers, clergymen, doctors, and leave us as soon as they get a chance."

"The suburban towns before they were annexed got some of our best men, like Leslie Lewis, James Hansen, and O. T. Bright, away from us by offering larger salaries. Others quit to follow other callings. The principals of the primary schools get from \$1,400 to \$1,600 per annum. They have charge of 1,000 pupils, and from seven to twenty teachers. Women having equal responsibility in dry-goods stores or other places get from \$2,000 to \$2,500 per annum. The de-

ties are not so exacting in the stores, the demands on patience and on health are not so trying.

"But perhaps the most unjust attack of all is that made on the school-ma'ams, who have to begin at \$450, and who at the end of six years get \$775, or \$125 less than an ordinary patrolman, and \$225 less than a City-Hall watchman, and \$400 less than a police-court clerk."

"I agree with Inspector Brennan," continued his enthusiastic colleague, "the salary of every schoolma'am is \$200 all around less than she earns. We will not reduce the salary of any teacher except on compulsion. I don't think the Mayor or his Controller will try to force the issue."

Any of the fifteen thousand subscribers or fifty thousand readers of THE EAGLE who know any facts relating to Hankins or his gang, are respectfully requested to mail the same to this office. All communications will be treated with the utmost confidence.

Clergymen and others interested in saving people from the dreadful effects of Chicago's cutting vice are requested to stir up the citizens on this subject.

The Mayor and law officers refuse to do their duty.

Gambling robbers are withdrawing six million dollars from the legitimate channels of business in Chicago every year. The result will be disaster.

LIGHT MOODS.

A LATE RISER—Poor yeast. Why does a widow feel her bereavement less when she wears corsets? Because she's so-laced.

We all know that it is wrong to talk about people behind their backs; but talking about a man in front of his back is not so easy.

ERRON—I cannot think and use the typewriter at the same time. Rival Editor—Then you find the typewriter no better than the pen.

"PUREST cup of coffee in Boston," is a sign in a cheap restaurant. Samplers of the beverage think "purest" is not the correct way to spell "poorest."

MERRITT—If you keep on, Johnny, you will soon know as much as your teacher. I'd know as much now if I had the book before me like she does.

YOUNG LADY (tailor made)—Take my seat, please. Old lady (near-sighted, but grateful)—Thank you, sir. You are the only gentleman in the car.

SAMMY—Ma, what does it mean by a man laughing in his sleeve? Mrs. Lumsford—Better ask your father. He has hidden many a smile under his vest.

It has been discovered that the cardboys were very lazy in the days of Job, for he says: All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change comes.

"Do you remember how ten years ago in this place you offered yourself to me?" "Oh, yes, and you refused me." "I have been reconsidering the matter." "So have I."

Mrs. PODGERS—Johnny, don't you point that pistol at me, Johnny—Bibi! me, this is nothing but a paper cap pistol, and it ain't loaded. Mrs. Podgers—That's just the reason I am afraid of it.

THE SOLUTION—How shall we move the masses? asked the temperance orator. Just then somebody in the outskirts of the crowd remarked: "Come up and take a drink, fellows," and the masses moved.

MINISTERIAL friend (on a visit)—I wonder what makes your mamma so happy to-day. She is singing around all over the house. Little Nell—I guess she's thought of something to scold papa about when he comes home.

BEKKE—Mamma, do people really buy babies? Mamma—Of course, child; of course. Run out now and play. Bennie (in a brown study)—Then why is it, mamma, that poor people buy more of 'em than anybody else?

ADULT ELIZA—When you go to New York, uncle, do you intend to take a Sound boat? Uncle Simon—Of course I'll take a sound boat. I don't intend to run any risk of being ship-wrecked. A good, sound boat for me, or none.

Mrs. SADFACE (to Tommy, who had stolen a jar of preserves)—My boy, I know you are sorry. I see it in your face, Tommy (meditatively)—Yes, mamma, I am. There was a bigger jar on the shelf that I couldn't reach.

JONES, a chronic bore, telling about an incident in which a man was drowned, said—It happened in less time than I take to tell it. "I guess so; otherwise the man might have been rescued," replied a distinguished listener.

"Excuse me, miss," said a smart young man to a young lady who affects piquedness in her dress, "but your hair is all down." "Thank you," was the reply; "perhaps you have observed the same fact in connection with your own tangle."

THE BARK-ARCADE.
When old Cincinnatus with his ships,
Shook America's bosom,
Each Indian with swift lightning speed
Snatched from the early bathing place
And coasted with wonder-struck look
"Hark! Hark!" were his shouts.

BETTER DAYS A-COMING.

BY M. C. BROWN.

Oh, this world is full of worry,
Full of trouble, grief and care,
And we often think there isn't any
In trying to breast the billows.
Surging backward to despair,
Often sink beneath oppression and abuse.
But the sun of righteous judgment
Shines as brightly as of old.

Though the murky clouds of slander fill the sky,
And, though darkness overshadow you,
Keep your courage stout and bold,
There are better days a-coming by and by.
Have you toiled through light and darkness,
Summer's heat and winter's cold,
Beating not, that your ambition you might win,
And at last when almost ready
On your treasure to lay hold,
Been defrauded by the stealthy hand of sin?

Do not sink beneath reverses,
Keep your heart and purpose true;
Though the sudden clod of wrong is rolling high,
It will one day part asunder,
And the blessed light shine through;
There are better days a-coming by and by.
Then, whatever your condition,
In the checkered field of life,
Do you lead, as van, or struggle in the rear,
Have a courage firm, undaunted,
Quailing not from manly strife,
And a heart that is not chilled by cringing fear,
And if, after all your efforts,
Fortune frowns upon your plans,
Hold your ground and still aloft your colors fly;
Just beyond the rolling billows
Stretch the yellow, sunlit sand,
There are better days a-coming by and by.
—Fiske Blade.

MY FIRST CASE.

BY AN ENGLISH DETECTIVE.

Yes, sir, I call it my first case, because it was the first of any importance in which I was engaged, and because, thanks to the happy chance of which I am going to tell you, it gave me a start in my career which I have never lost.

It was one morning several winters ago when a diamond merchant who had reported a loss of diamonds worth \$20,000. Further than that the house was in Soho, I need not give any particulars of this gentleman's name or address.

I was then very young to be entrusted with so important a case, but we were busy at the time, and my chief was kind enough to express his faith in my ability.

I had not been ten minutes in the house before I saw that I had before me a task of no little difficulty. The room in which I stood was oblong in shape. One end was occupied by a large window looking on the street. Standing with your back to the window, on the right hand side, was a fireplace, on the left the door; between them stood a large square table; above which was the chandelier with four or five lights. Against the right hand wall some little distance from the fireplace stood a large safe facing into the room. Save one or two chairs there was no other furniture in the room. It was from the safe that the diamonds in question had been stolen. But there was the puzzle—the safe had been drilled open, a work which must have taken at least an hour and a half, and the room remained all night with the blinds drawn up and the gas lighted, in full view of the passers-by in the street and of the policeman on the beat, who passed every half hour. There were two keys of the safe—one in the possession of Mr.— and the other belonging to his son. The custom was that the old gentleman left the office first and went home to his place at Dulwich, the two clerks, left at 6 o'clock, and the son was usually the last to leave, locking the safe and seeing that all was left in security. The other rooms in the house were let out as offices, but all the tenants left before 5 o'clock, and when Mr.—'s office was locked up the only occupants of the house were the caretaker and his wife, who lived in the attic.

The robbery had been discovered by Mr.— on his arrival first at the office on the morning in question. He had been followed by his clerks and his son in the order named, and I found all four present when I reached the house. On making inquiries I found that Mr.— himself had locked the safe on the previous evening. The clerks had gone as usual at 6, and Mr.—, having had to remain later than usual, saw everything clear before his departure. Head and his son left together, the father going home and the son going to dine with a friend, with whom he went to the theater and at whose house he slept. The housekeeper had swept and cleaned the offices as usual and had finished work by 8 o'clock, at which hour she and her husband went up stairs to their own rooms at the top of the house. They did not come down again that night and heard no noise.

I felt little difficulty as to the entrance or exit of the thief. He might have entered the house at any time on the previous afternoon and, as there was more than one unoccupied room in the house, have lain perdu till it was time to commence operations; and, as I found a window at the back of the house unfastened, I concluded he had made good his escape through the yard and by way of a low wall into an adjoining court. But how had he been able to work so long without attracting attention from any one? The street was not a busy thoroughfare, but there must have been some watchers, despite the fact that the night had been an unusually quiet one, and, as I have said, a policeman passed every half hour. I made a careful inspection of the room, but found nothing save a broken piece of amber from the mantelpiece of a pipe. On looking at the walls I noticed at opposite sides of the room, high up, near

the cornice, two marks, as though nails had been torn out of the plaster, but on pointing these out to Mr.— he could give me no information. He had never noticed them before, but they might be old marks for all he knew.

I then proceeded to make inquiries; first as to the whereabouts of the clerks on the night in question. Mr.— had told me he had no suspicion as to their integrity, but, of course it was my business to make sure, and I found they were able to account for their time quite satisfactorily. The policeman who had been on duty could not help me. He had passed each half-hour but had seen nothing suspicious. A number of persons had passed up and down the street, but he had only recognized one man, a chemist, who lived on an adjoining street. Application to this gentleman elicited nothing further. He had passed down the street between 10 and 12 on his way home and had looked at the lighted window as usual but there was certainly no one in the window then. I returned to headquarters to make my preliminary report, and directed that careful inquiry be made with a view to identifying, if possible, any persons who were in the street throughout the night. Well, sir, for two days I was at my wit's end. All our endeavors proved fruitless and the more I turned the matter over the more hopeless I felt.

On the third day I was passing through B— street and looked in to see my brother, who was laid up through an accident. He lodged in rooms over the shop of a house and sign painter, who had a small but a fairly prosperous business. On leaving him I came down to the shop to give some instructions to his landlord, and whilst I was talking to the latter he was called away for a few minutes. Amusing myself by looking about me, my eyes were attracted by the rough sketch of a safe which was lying on the counter.

Although my head was full of safes, as you may suppose, I doubt if I should have looked twice at this one, had it not been that the sketch was an exact copy of the safe in which I was so much interested, and which, I should have explained, was of peculiar appearance in that it was much narrower in proportion to its height than is customary. On the painter's return I held up the sketch and asked him if he had gone in for a new line of business. "Well, yes, sir," he said, laughing. "That's a sketch I used in my first attempt at scene painting. A young fellow for whom I've done a little business came in the other day and persuaded me to paint him a scene for some private theatricals he was getting up. It represented the wall of an office and that safe stood in one corner. He was good enough to say that I succeeded very well, and he told me afterwards that it had given great satisfaction."

Well, sir, the whole thing flashed on me in a moment. My gentleman had hung up this drop scene in front of the safe, and the room then presented its ordinary appearance to the street, while behind this ingenious screen he had been able to "work his wicked will" upon the safe at his leisure. To cut a long story short, the painter gave me such information as enabled me to put my hand on this amateur actor, and he was in due course tried, convicted and punished, while we were able to recover a large portion of the stolen diamonds, greatly to Mr. A—'s satisfaction.

AN UNFORTUNATE POSTCARD.

The Siam papers contain an account of the imprisonment in Bangkok of a Turkish subject, named Belitski, for seven months without being brought to trial by the Siamese authorities. His offense was that, having lately arrived in Bangkok from Hong Kong, he had addressed to his wife, Madame Charlotte Belitski, Torniove Seimen, Roumelia, Turkey, a postcard, on which the following was written in the German language:

"Bangkok, December 7, 1898.—Here everything is wild and uncultivated; the women go about half naked. All vices flourish here—a paradise for problematic existences. What a contrast to the highly civilized natives of China and Japan, where I have lately been! Siam is a genuine Wallachian country. It is the wildest country I have ever seen in my travels."

"ROBERT BELITSKI."
On the sixteenth of December, Belitski was arrested on a charge, as he understood it, of libeling the Siamese government. He was never brought to trial, and was liberated on the representation of certain British subjects. He made his way to Batavia to lay his complaint before the Turkish consul there, Turkey having no treaty with Siam.

SHE LOOKED HER REMARKS.
"Papa," said 10-year-old Eddie, I think Mrs. Gussleum who lives across the way has a horrid temper."

"What gave you that opinion of the lady my son?"

"Why, you see, the other day us boys were playing ball in front of her house and some one knocked the ball over the fence into her flower-bed. I didn't think there was any harm in my going over to get it so I went. I had just found the ball and was returning with it, when who should appear in the front yard but Mrs. Gussleum."

"What did she say to you, my son?"
"Oh, she didn't say a word, papa, but she looked down."

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